

3. ✓ A
LETTER

From one of the
TRAINED-BANDS

Now in the
A R M I E

Vnder the Red and VVhite
REGIMENT.

To his VVife in
L O N D O N.

Sent from FARNHAM-Castle,
Novemb. 2. 1643.



Printed in the Yeare, 1643

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RAINED BANDS

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Under the Red and White
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To his VV in
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Loving Wife;



When I looke backe upon my wayes, and consider from what happinesse I am fallen, and into what misery I plunged: I am so opprest with sorrow and grief (that to take up the words of the Psalmist) *My soule is even melted with*

heavinesse. O how it pierces me to the very heart, to thinke how I have dishonoured God, disobeyed my King, scandalized my Religion, betrayed my Faith, disgraced my Friends, shamed my Country, undone my Family, and hazarded my owne salvation. So that I have made my selfe a laughing stock unto mine Enemies, and unworthy of the least pitty. The heavens frowne upon me, hell triumphs, and the earth casts me off as unworthy of her nourishment. My Conscience flies in my face and will not suffer me to take any rest, So that even the Curse of *Cain* is fallen upon me, because I thirsted to spill my Brothers blood, that I am forced from mine abode, and am become as a fugitive and vagabond on the earth, and as I accounted it a note of malignancy, to desire Peace, and

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would have no Peace with others, so now my soule is filled with naught but Warre. So unhappy is that soule whom God forsakes, and misery is sure to attend the disobedient man. Where sinne dwels, there is trouble, and though it may seeme never so sweet in the committing, it will prove full of *bitternesse* in the end. 2. Sam. 2. 26.

How suddenly and strangely is my state and condition altered? upon what a precipice doe they stand that trust on earthly things? how soone is the face of them changed? In a moment is our plenty turned into scarcity, mirth into sorrow, peace into war, riches into poverty, liberty into bondage, order into confusion, loyalty into rebellion, and wisdom into folly. Hath not God in his just judgement recompensed my wayes on my owne head? For I that heretofore wallowed, as it were in pleasure and delight (having God scarcely at all in my thoughts) am now acquainted with naught but trouble. I that sent my servant like a sheepe to the slaughter (cheating his parents of their son and their money both at once) am now come to be sacrificed in the same manner my selfe; I that have had servants at my command, am now my selfe commanded rather like a slave then a servant. I that accounted Charity a Popish vertue, am now glad to be relieved by the Charity of others; and whereas I have beene able to give to others, I am now oftentimes by necessity compelled to beg my bread. I that had a house to hide my head in, am now exposed to all extremities of weather, and am faine to embrace the cold earth for my Lodging. I that rejoiced

ced at other mens miseries, am now become more miserable then they. I that cursed the King in my thoughts, am now filled with naught but crosses. I that in the pride of my heart, said, I should never be moved, am now brought to a very low estate, having (as *Esau*) sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, passed away my estate for the Publique Faith and I know not what, and brought my person in danger every minute to be lost. I that made a God as it were of the Parliament, have found them to be but men, and the words of the Psalmist to be true. *That it is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in Princes.* I that despised to receive correction, feel now the heavy hand of God upon me. I that contemned and mocked at Gods Ministers, wilfully hardning my selfe against the truth, am now given over to a reprobate sense, that I should onely beleieve a lye. My feet were swift to shed blood, therefore as it followes, *Rom. 3. 16.* destruction and misery are in my wayes. For these & other sins is the wrath of God come upon me & my fellow-Citizens; that he hath even suffered the Divell to have his will of us, who hath forced us (as he would as served *Job*) to curse God to his face: Hath he not beene in our City and Army. Prophets, as he was in *Shabs* foure hundred and fifty, a lying spirit, teaching us Rebellion and Sedition, inciting us to plunder and take away other mens goods, to prophane Gods house, to adulterate his worship, to imprison his messengers, to reproach the footsteps of his Anointed, *Psal 89. 51.* to abuse his Word, to Covenant against him

him and our King, that neither should rule over us; to contemne his Ordinances, to persecute his servants, to wrong our neighbours, to breake the Lawes, to overthrow the power of the Magistrate: every man taking the sword into his owne hand, to betray and kill one another, thinking therby to do God good service, and all this for the advancement of Religion, & as the only way to make an happy Reformation. But our sad experience doth sufficiently prove the contrary, & they may as wel perswade men, that the next way to come to Heaven is through Hell by breaking Gods Commandments. I should have been loath to have layed open my owne guilt and discovered my nakednesse, but that I hope others would be warned by my example, to have a care lest they be drawn away as I was, with faire pretenens, to the indangering both of their bodies and soules.

To conclude, I may even bewaile the unhappy estate of my Country at this present, in the words of the Prophet *Jeremiah*, in *Lament*. *O Lord, how is our gold become dim, how is the most fine gold changed? our monies are parted from us, and we are like the hungry man.* *Isaiah* 29, 8, *He dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soule is empty;* So we for the monies that we have exhausted, dreamed of mountaines of gold, but being awakt, we find them no other then the price of blood, and sums layd out to purchase our own misery. Our beauty is turned to ashes, the glory & honour of our Nation is quite eclipsed, & we that were once the admiration & envy of other Nations, are now become their laughing stock and scorne. The
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young children aske bread and no man breaketh it unto them, the Souldier sweeping all away, leaving nothing behind him but penury and want. They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets, they that were brought up in scarlet, embrace dung-hills. Our Nobility, and Gentry, are despised and trampled upon by vile persons; and though they dwelt in houses of Cedar, are forced to lye in a loathsome prison. The anger of the Lord hath divided us, he will no more regard us, we have not respected the persons of the Priests, nor revered our Elders. For we have hated their persons, slighted their message, sequestred their meanes, and not suffered them to passe the streets in quiet. For which our Inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens, which are Schismatiks, and Separatists. Other men enter into our possessions, & take our dwellings from us without a cause. We are Orphans and fathers lesse, our mothers are as widdowes. We have drunk our water for our mony, & our wood is sold unto us; our goods are taken from us at other mens pleasure, and for our mony restored to us againe. Our necks are under persecution, we labour and have no rest, what we take paines for, others injoy, and reape the fruit of our labours; we are made slaves unto their wills, who command not only our servants and our estates, but even our lives also. Servants have ruled over us, and there is none that doth deliver us out of their hands. The joy of our heart is ceased, our dance is turned in to mourning, all our delights are passed away, and we are compassed about with sorrow on every side.

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side. The Crowne is fallen from our head, the King who was our glory is driven from us, and is banished from his owne habitation his Palace; is left desolate, and scarce any man dwells therein; Our Temples are shut up that we have even forgot how to praise thy Name. We have nothing but complaining in our streets, and we goe mourning all the day long. Woe unto us that we have sinned. For this, our heart is faint, our eyes are dim. Turne thou us unto thee O Lord, and we shall be turned, renew our dayes as of old, Remove thy judgements, forgive our sinnes, Unite our hearts, cure our wounds, open our eyes, that now at the last we may behold those things that concerne our Peace. *Amen.*

Your ever loving Husband

A. W.

From Farnham Castle

Novem. 2. 1643.

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